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VOL. LVIII.

No. IV.

THE
YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE.

CONDUCTED

BY THE

Students of Yale University.



"Dum mens grata manet, nomen laudesque YALENSES
Cantabunt SONORUM, unanimique PATRES."

JANUARY, 1893.

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THE YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE.—Conducted by the Students of Yale University. This Magazine established February, 1836, is the oldest college periodical in America; entering upon its Fifty-eighth Volume with the number for October, 1892. It is published by a board of Editors, annually chosen from each successive Senior Class. It thus may be fairly said to represent in its general articles the average literary culture of the university. In the Notabilia college topics are thoroughly discussed, and in the Memorabilia it is intended to make a complete record of the current events of college life; while in the Book Notices and Editors' Table, contemporary publications and exchanges receive careful attention.

Contributions to its pages are earnestly solicited from students of all departments, and may be sent through the Post Office. They are due the 1st of the month. If rejected, they will be returned to their writers, whose names will not be known outside the Editorial Board. A Gold Medal of the value of Twenty-five Dollars, for the best written Essay, is offered for the competition of all undergraduate subscribers, at the beginning of each academic year.

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THE
YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE.

VOL. LVIII.

JANUARY, 1893.

No. 4

EDITORS FOR THE CLASS OF '93.

WINTHROP E. DWIGHT. JOHN H. FIELD.

FRANCIS PARSONS. RICHARD C. W. WADSWORTH.

LEMUEL A. WELLES.

COLLEGE SUCCESS.

I HAVE noticed that one who is down in the crowd hardly notices in what direction it is moving, being mostly occupied with elbowing his own way and accommodating himself to the odd fellows he happens to stand next to, and does not find it easy to see that he is doing any more than move as fast as the rest. If he venture any opinion he claims small attention, a favor granted rarely even to those who are keeping the line in order or are looking on calmly at a distance. What may be said from the ranks as to the line of march can only plead for its existence, the right to express one's opinion, and the fact that as one comes toward the end of the march, he still bears some impressions of the obstacles he has knocked his knees against, and the stones he has stumbled over.

What first shows to one who is honestly trying to do some sober thinking on our small world is a lack of seriousness. The ideal here must be a manly one; for no one doubts that Yale has preëminently an ideal of character; which means that a man must have a purpose and not look at life in a

vague thoughtless way through a rosy mist of carelessness. There should be this element of seriousness, which shall make itself felt immediately on entering. And, though no one can give us a guide book to the training of character, with neat formulæ and quaint demonstrations, this is the soundest basis on which to build college experience. It is akin to that high seriousness which has made the grandeur of all great souls. The strengthening of this serious manliness is a power which shall declare absurd, and no longer to be supported by public opinion, the notion that a man may waste his time here and escape the great law of nature that he has a duty, the fulfillment of a purpose: which shall no longer tolerate the fallacy that one may sow his wild oats for the first year or two, and be none the worse for it; which instances a yearly Freshman riot in a theater as contrary to the spirit of the place. We may see even now that we are gaining this, but its complete possession will emphasize the best elements of what should be our intellectual atmosphere. Primarily it will reinstate a spirit of work, energetic and contagious, which, whether you choose to call it scholarly or practical, is no small part of our true ideal. And, if we may trust the past, will in time develop a true culture, that finer and riper sense of appreciation which is the final flower of all cultivation. This the most sanguine can hardly expect for a long time. Centuries in English universities have worked it out to a completion still clung to by many imperfections.

Our great power for producing effectual changes in the right directions here, is the unity of college sentiment. But even this, by its very weight and strength, moves slowly and is often a hindrance. It does act as a strong check upon individuality and originality. The latter is a plant which thrives in an atmosphere of independence, of freedom and fearlessness of judgment. Our tendency is too strong against this. One man follows the lead of others; one class follows closely the footsteps of the previous class; it takes a whole college Olympiad to bring about changes visibly to those who take part in the march. In

the meanwhile the man who dares stand against the pet notions of the college opinion runs no small risk. The dissenter is not only heretic, but rank heathen. College sentiment sets up some idol for itself, and woe to the man who does not build altars to it, and bow down and worship. "Behold the one true Ideal," it cries, "and the college hero is his prophet." And this hero commands here an admiration and devotion as unparalleled as it is absurd. The man who is too independent for this or dislikes such exaggeration, may take what pleasure he can in standing by and laughing at it all, for no one cares what he thinks.

Exaggeration of this sort is the besetting weakness of such great unity of sentiment. The spirit below it all is right, but all exaggeration is narrowing, and hence wholly opposed to our broad ideal of character. And this tendency is the subtlest and not the least powerful of the present time. By the peculiar influence of college spirit we are immediately separated from the world and, for the first three years, at least, college successes are the only successes. All other thoughts can be sacrificed to them. What new side Fortune may turn toward us after college is over is left to sober thoughts, which come proverbially at the eleventh hour. With an utterly false perspective the undergraduate draws his picture with all the lines leading to college success, and with nothing beyond in the background. It is not that these best ideals and successes are wrong, though older heads may often call them exaggerated and mistaken, for it is our greatest security that they have something in them which makes for righteousness. When we give up our belief in them we can only fail, and as long as we hold to them in their higher sense, make whatever mistakes and misinterpretations we will, we cannot wholly go wrong. But our fault is that we have come to worship the college success itself as our divinity. We are ready to sacrifice at its altar all other purposes. What, humanly speaking, is left undone in these days for the sake of athletic achievement? And when—and the time cannot be far distant,—the present apotheosis of athletics is at an end, shall we

not offer the same sacrifices on some new altar with equal fervor, and with equal contempt for anything else?

Is it not then well for us in the crowd to stop and consider whether we are not losing for a while the direction in which we set out, and are not taking instead some narrow road which leads to one side. The prevailing worship of the partial ideal of college success is narrowing and one-sided. The initial purpose of this college was the training and broadening of character;—its great and representative men have been great in so far as they have believed in and lived out this ideal. This is the force and meaning of tradition, which is a power here, like the fine, clear line of nobility of blood in some grand old family. This fact is recognized by everyone; a writer in the *Harvard Monthly* says: "Yale is to America, what Oxford and Cambridge are to England, a place where the tradition of national character is maintained." If we come to worship college successes for themselves we deny our birthright as Yale men. The great gift of the education here, and that which we need most as we look towards our work afterwards, is not an ideal of success, but an ideal of character.

Winthrop E. Dwight.

CASSANDRA.

'Midst mellow flutes and glad-voiced choristers

Silent she stands,

They heed not prayer nor prophecy of hers,

Nor clasped imploring hands.

Ah, none may hear, the God hath sealed their ears.

Poor prophetess!

They mock the futile misery of thy fears,

Scoff at thy sharp distress.

Ah, white, beseeching arms, and marvelous,

Reproachful eyes!

The story of your wrongs gleams infamous

Through the dim centuries.

Richard H. Worthington.

JANE AUSTEN.

“WHY do you like Miss Austen so very much?” is the question put by Currer Bell to Mr. Lewes. Why is it that “*Pride and Prejudice*,” which was absolutely rejected by a well-known London publisher, could warrant two new and large editions within this very year? And why is it that “*Northanger Abbey*,” sold for ten pounds to a Bath Publishing House and suffered to lie on its shelves for thirteen years, should enjoy a larger circulation than most novels of to-day?

For the answer to these questions, one must go back a long way; back to the time of the War of Independence, back to the little Hampshire village of Steventon, back to Miss Austen herself. The details of her home and surroundings form the nucleus for recollection. For they are not, as often happens, the influences from which she went forth into the world of society and literature, but they are her life and the background for all her word-paintings.

Picture to yourself a square old-fashioned house in the midst of a square old-fashioned garden, where fruit, vegetables, and flowers vie with one another in display; the whole lying in a shallow valley, whose sloping meadows stretch away to the distant hills. Look into the comfortable and homely sitting-room and imagine, if you can, a tall and slender girl intently poring over some closely written pages. A girl, rather dark in complexion, whose rich color and bright brown eyes express health and animation. Add but the other members of the family, reading, talking, laughing, lounging, and you have a picture of Jane Austen at work. The country about this old Parsonage of Steventon is satisfying rather than inspiring, pretty rather than grand. Though Hampshire can boast of no noble forests or lofty mountains, it abounds in well-kept farms and trim hedge-rows; and, as somebody has said, there is always a cheerfulness about the chalk country. Amid such surroundings Miss Austen lived and wrote. Here she saw enough classes of society to know and dis-

tinguish the Member of Parliament, the country gentleman, the retired tradesman and his less prosperous brother in the village grocery. Not that she ever drew absolute portraits in her works, which seemed to her an unpardonable liberty. Indeed once, when accused of this, she indignantly repudiated it as "an invasion of the social proprieties" and added with a laugh, "I am far too proud of my gentlemen to admit that they are only Mr. A. or Colonel B." But like all true artists she drew types; and believing in the principle:

"That is best which lieth near thee;
Shape from that thy work of art."

She used her own rather narrow, "gentlewoman's world" to its utmost. "The home life of the parsonage," says Mrs. Malden, "its duties, its amusements, its visits and its visitors, its joys and its griefs, were the tapestry into which she wove the lives of her heroes and heroines." Too sensible to try to throw a poetic glamour about Steventon, she avoided direct mention of it and dealt plainly with life. Her merit, "next to Shakespere's" Lord Tennyson has called it, lies in making the commonplace interesting and amusing. In attempting to depict this rare excellence of her art in its narrow sphere, critics have almost exhausted the field of metaphor. Photography seems too mechanical a term for her master touch. A happier simile is the school of Dutch painting, but that too is incongruous in its scope and minute detail. Perhaps no one can improve on her own comparison to miniature painting. "What should I do," she says to a brother artist, "with your strong vigorous sketches, full of life and glow? How could I possibly join them to the little bits of ivory, two inches wide, on which I work with so fine a brush as produces little effect after much labour?"

Her immortal qualities may be summed up in the words, simplicity and truth. Jane Austen made a bold stroke and departure from the established rule of the day, in omitting the padding, as it is called, the morality introduced to counteract the baneful effects of amusement. None knew

better than she that people read novels to be amused and liked to draw their own moral. She let them. Read her letters and you will understand how she is true, how life-like her own creations were to her. "Henry and I," she writes, "went to the exhibition in Spring Gardens. It is not thought a good collection, but I was very well pleased, particularly with a small portrait of Mrs. Bingley, excessively like her. She is dressed in a white gown with green ornaments, which convinces me, of what I had always supposed, that green was a favorite color with her."

There is no hidden meaning in Miss Austen, no underlying philosophy. Yet she has been called, and rightly called, a psychological analyst, (how she would have laughed at the term!). Madame de Stael may call her novels "vulgaires," and Charlotte Brontë may dub them "mere daguerreotypied portraits of commonplace faces;" but "Pride and Prejudice" with all its homeliness makes one smile with it, while "Jane Eyre" has found caricaturists enough to laugh at it. Though Pride is said to go before a fall, the proud but honorable Darcy will yet outlive that dark and gloomy school-girl hero, Fairfax Rochester. Fitting tribute has, however, been paid. Recall the advice in Sir Walter Scott's diary: "Read again for the third time at least, 'Pride and Prejudice.' That young lady," he continues, "has a talent for describing the involvements of feelings and characters of ordinary life, which is to me the most wonderful I ever met with." And Lord Macaulay expressed the feeling of the world, when he wrote in his journal: "I have now read once again all Miss Austen's novels; charming they are. There are in the world no compositions which approach nearer to perfection."

Thos. Frederick Davies, Jr.

THE TALE OF A CENT.

AN old frame house, long untouched by paint, stood patiently under a broiling August sun, looking over the ragged little grass plot that served for a lawn, and down the white country road, deserted by pedestrians and vehicles. Off yonder, at the curve, where it lost itself in a clump of fine old maples, was a little cloud of dust.

It being the noon-hour the air was still, except for an occasional sage remark, addressed to himself, by Childe Harold. He was carefully constructing an elaborate castle out of stones, sand, and the cones that had fallen from the one natural ornament to the place, a great pine tree, on whose trunk was nailed askew a sign bearing the legend, "House for sale or to let. Inquire within."

"H'm," remarked Childe Harold with a sigh of relief, "I fink, vat will do," and scrambling up from his knees he wiped his dirty little hands absent-mindedly across his face and surveyed the completed work with satisfaction. "Vat's the castle where ve giant what eats bad little boys lives, and vat's the giant," he continued, regarding fondly a particularly huge pine cone stuck upright in the dust with a bright copper cent for a helmet and a pine needle for a sword. "Old giant, I'm going to shmask you, and ven Mary can't say you eat little boys what don't be washed and have vere hair pulled." The giant's fate was trembling in the balance, but no one will ever know what horror was to have been his, for just then someone walked in the gate. The cloud of dust had been growing and finally turned into a great man.

Here was a real giant to avenge his mimic brother. Childe Harold seized the erstwhile helmet in a miser's grasp and started to fly to the house for refuge. Having gained the top step of the piazza after a hard climb he took courage and looked around. The giant was quite interesting after all when he wasn't so unpleasantly close to one. He wore kilts and socks just like other folks

but they were a wonderful green and black. He had on a sash and shawl and a funny looking bag under his arm. Childe Harold clapped his hands and laughed. And then a wonderful thing happened. The giant put something in his mouth and blew, and strange, mournful sounds came from the bag which made Childe Harold feel queer, almost as if he'd like to cry. Had the giant got little boys shut up in the bag who were crying because they were carried away from their mamas? Childe Harold decided not. The giant had too kind and good a face to eat little boys and he looked so sad too. "Freehaps," mused Childe Harold, "he ain't four years old and didn't have his mama give him a rocking horse and his papa a cent." He grasped his own bright new penny tighter yet in his hot little palm.

The sun kept pouring down meanwhile on the motionless figure of the minstrel and the equally silent little form perched on the top step of the piazza, his hands on his fat dimpled knees and his eyes looking straight ahead, as unfathomable in their childish innocence as the calm eyes of the sphinx. Finally, the mournful wail of the pipes died away, and the stranger, after looking in vain to the windows all guarded by pitilessly shut blinds, wearily turned to take up his journey. Childe Harold slid down the steps, his heart beating fast. He pulled the giant's coat and, as he turned, held out with half a sob his precious penny.

Then he followed to the gate and peeping around the post, he watched until the mysterious figure vanished as he had come, in a little cloud of dust.

Arthur Judson.

THE THREE TUNS.

THE last beams of the setting sun were falling lingeringly on the twin towers of the Cathedral as the Antiquarian and the Learner wheeled their weary way down the winding streets of old Durham. A good seventy miles of honest riding had been covered since dawn and it was with long sighs of relief that this worthy pair of wandering Americans handed over their dusty bicycles to the care of a sympathetic hostler and slowly approached the great double door of the "The Three Tuns Inn." The Learner—a comfortable soul whose tastes, sad to confess, are more Epicurean than architectural, recognized with a deep and fervent joy, even as his foot crossed the threshold, that a kind Providence had at last brought them to an ideal English inn.

The Three Tuns might have stepped bodily from the pages of Dickens or Thackeray. Not a trace of the modern hotel with its mechanical soulless management, where the individual is merged in the system and his going and coming becomes entirely a matter of dollars and cents. Tired and thirsty after their long ride down from the Scottish border, the Antiquarian and his companion, plunged in glad bewilderment, are hurried by their hostess—good Mrs. Brown—into the cosy tap room and there left a moment to toast their tired feet by the glowing fire of sea coal on which a shining little kettle is bubbling away suggestive of flip and sundry other delicious hot concoctions. Then the great battered leather bound "Guest Book" is brought, wherein the two are to register their names, thus making them free to all the rights and privileges of The Three Tuns. From time immemorial it has been the custom too, for each departing guest to inscribe after his name the one suggestive word "Satisfied!" Scarcely had the mystic rite of registration been completed before the good Mrs. B. comes hurrying back again, bearing in either hand a brimming bumper of cherry brandy. "You know they *do* say, though I tell it who

shouldn't," she remarks hospitably, as she hands each expectant traveler his respective potion, "that Durham town is famous for three things, its old maids, its vinegar, and"—with a modest pause—"Mrs. Brown's cherry brandy. So I was sure as you gentlemen would just try a taste of it before you went up to your room."

The Antiquarian is a man of avowedly strict temperance principles but the expansive smile of utter content that comes over the Learner's face as he takes a preparatory sip and the sight of the smiling Mrs. B. would be too much for the most bigoted Prohibitionist, and the Antiquarian—to his credit be it said—for once unbends.

By the time that the brandy has disappeared and the heat has fully permeated their tired limbs, the hostler enters with the bicycle bags and the tired travelers are conducted to their room, under the guidance of a rosy-cheeked maid, whose coquettish white cap fails utterly in hiding the wealth of rippling brown hair which will persist in straggling out in bewitching little ringlets. And what a room it is! The Antiquarian regards with enviously admiring eyes the great mahogany four poster with its heavy curtains of some obsolete brocade and the massive bureau of the same wood, whose color, mellowed and softened by time to a tint like the back of a Stradivarius violin, harmonizes so well with the dark heavy oaken beams and antique panelling that forms the ceiling.

A timid rap at the door, and with downcast eyes the pretty chambermaid appears with a steaming pitcher of hot water and the announcement, that supper awaits the two whenever they shall please to descend.

A few minutes later finds the twain occupying what seems, in comparison with the vast empty expanse of glistening mahogany on either side, an extremely small portion of the great stationary table that runs down the center of the large dining room. No one cloth could begin to cover this broad board, and accordingly each little coterie of guests has a separate table cloth spread before them, snowy islands divided from the others by broad expanses of the bare polished wood.

A large round of cold boiled beef, a leg of mutton, and a smoking hot beef-steak pie are flanked by ample jars of the inevitable marmalade and jam, while immense loaves of bread, white and brown, and dainty pats of unsalted butter make up a sight for hungry eyes. After the edge of the proverbial "wheelmen's appetite" has been taken off, Mrs. Brown appears upon the scene and takes her place at the table fully as a matter of course, not to eat but merely, with true English hospitality, to entertain her guests and make them feel entirely at their ease. Imagine a modern American hotel keeper in such a rôle!

Later in the evening, in a cosy corner of the tap room over a fragrant Havana, the Antiquarian dilated upon the wonders of Durham Cathedral to his somewhat unappreciative companion, who had only with great difficulty, been made to understand the difference between a Norman and a Gothic arch. But when finally, after a lengthy harangue, the Antiquarian ended by remarking impressively—"And my dear fellow it is really impossible for us to get any adequate idea of the Cathedral in less than three days," the Learner, with a comprehensive glance around the great room, with all its comfortable details, from the cozy settle drawn invitingly up in front of the crackling fire, to the enormous cheese—a priceless Rochefort—and tray of biscuits on the little round table, agreed without a struggle. And when later one of the maids appeared with Mrs. B.'s compliments and a "black Jack" tankard—a genuine antique which the Antiquarian, much to the horror of Mrs. B. tried in vain to purchase—filled to the brim with foaming ale, the Learner became quite resigned at the prospect of three days or even three weeks in the place.

And what a happy three days they were. From dawn to dark the two explored the mysteries of the great Cathedral. Now crawling into cobwebby crypts, along with the enthusiastic white haired verger, to examine a few square feet of "the genuine 'herring bone' masonry, built by the Saxons sir, in 871 A. D. sir!" Again the Learner would be dragged by the tireless Antiquarian through

dizzy passages, winding along the triforium, and up into the clevestory to examine more closely a "Norman chevron" or "some of the most remarkable billet ornamentation in all Europe."

And then what unmixed bliss in the evenings, while the Antiquarian was conscientiously writing up his journal or poring over some abstruse architectural volume, to settle down in a cosy nook by the tap room fire. There the Learner would pass long dreamy delightful evenings listening to the rambling quaint stories of certain privileged village worthies, who regularly passed their evenings, comfortably grouped on the great settle, where, with deep meditative puffs on their slender-stemmed clay pipes they would gossip or take turns in relating marvellous legends until the steeple bells struck ten. Then, after a stirrup cup all around of steaming flip, the little assembly would reluctantly disperse.

But all things have an end and the Learner's last remembrance of the Three Tuns is the sight of Mrs. Brown standing in the doorway, surrounded by a motley group of maids, hostlers and small boys, and waving a cheery farewell with her ample white apron as the Antiquarian and the Learner sadly ride away.

S. Scoville, Jr.

PHYLLIDA.

Deep in her eyes, in her lovely eyes,
Phyllida's wonderful spirit lies.
Phyllida, Phyllida, who can tell
Of the hidden voice of an ocean shell?
Or who can number the pearls that be
In the sunken bed of a southern sea?
I would that an angel of Paradise
Might show me the spirit that dwells in thee.
Phyllida, Phyllida, thou art a rose.
Fairest rose, but you laughed me down,
Laughed me down, and no one knows
How joys may die at a careless frown,
How hopes may wither and hearts may sink.
Phyllida, Phyllida, thou art a rose
But even roses have thorns, I think.
And now she is here at the dance, she came
With her smile and glance and her voice the same;
Only her wonderful spirit lies
Farther down in her lovely eyes.
I wonder whether she laughed at me
Just in a spirit of gaiety.
Well, if she did, I will go to the dance,
Go to the dance and be gay to-night,
But remember Phyllida's artful glance,
And Phyllida waltzes ever so light
Like the princess girl of a quaint romance
With me, for a wandering clownish knight,
Alas, she would only wound my pride,
And I have a prouder pride than when
As a foolish lad I thought to have vied
At a game of gold with wealthier men.
I fear me, she is a rose too rare
For a common fellow like me to wear.
Ah, Phyllida, Phyllida, no one knows
How near we stand to sorrow's brink,
'Tis only a day and beauty goes,
For we're sure to empty the cups we drink;
Phyllida, Phyllida, thou art a rose,
But even roses have thorns, I think.

Rufus M. Gibbs.

THE STORY OF A SCOTCHMAN.

IT is the man who reads history carefully, looking between the lines, and who searches deep into the remote corners with ready skill, that derives real pleasure and profit from the pages; for he is sure to find here and there, if he search well, some quaint legend, or romantic character, almost lost, perhaps, in the hurried crowding of events, but which very often may prove in itself an attractive break in the main narrative. Though hardly glanced at by most readers, and sometimes neglected entirely even by authors, yet these minor bits of history are of more importance than one might imagine at first sight; they are like the utility parts on the stage, usually slighted, but which in reality form no trivial feature in the construction and development of the play.

Just as in some great library we now and then chance upon a rare Elzevir or black letter manuscript in some dusty alcove, so we find these miniature fragments scattered through the history of all time, forming a rich background, a foundation, which underlies and renders complete the otherwise bare story of the lives and deeds of a few men, which constitutes the main part of the history of a nation or a century.

The life story of James Crichton, "The Admirable," is one of the most striking chapters of this minor history. There are few that stand out with more clearness from the semi-obscurity which age has cast about such characters; few lives have come down to modern times with a greater, though a more melancholy, interest attached. Crichton was dead at twenty-two; he ended his career where most men begin theirs, yet in those few years he had tasted the extremes of life as few others have done; it is a short story, but, by its very pathetic incompleteness and failure, appeals to us and holds us as few others can.

It is as a soldier in the French wars that we catch our first glimpse of the youthful figure of "The Admirable."

Though fresh from the quiet seclusion of an English university, Crichton fought bravely; and, by his reckless daring and wonderful swordsmanship, he won golden praises from his officers, as well as honor from his men. But a curious trait of character manifested itself here at the very outset of his career, a certain careless disdain, a disregard of honor from others, which followed the man all through, and which, more than anything else, led him to that sudden falling off in influence and popularity which culminated in his ruin. Without any warning, he suddenly quitted the ranks, with his wits and rapier for his fortune, wherever chance might lead him. For some time he lingered in Provence, and along the Rhone valley; then, on some sudden, quixotic resolution, he crossed into Italy, the stage on which the sad drama of his life was to be enacted.

Venice attracted him, the home and center of sixteenth century culture; and, late in 1580, the young Scotchman came into the beautiful city, friendless and homeless. Finding a situation with old Aldus Manutius, the printer, he accepted this fortune with the easy indifference which ever accompanied his ups and downs; and the fierce soldier was easily transformed into an aproned apprentice, whose master's word was the most rigid law. But the great intellect, though hidden for the moment, smouldered underneath; and Crichton was always dreaming of the time when he should rise to where he felt he really belonged. The harshness of his master, the coarse, clumsy abuse of his fellows, were unlike unheeded; he answered their rude taunts scornfully, and with so brilliant a wit that finally the gruff printer came to half fear, and even to admire, the disdainful young apprentice, but was crafty enough to utilize the giant intellect of his protégé, despite his secret dread of it. Together, master and apprentice concocted a plan, startling in its audacity, it is true, but which they were confident would redound to the credit of its promoters.

A rumor flew about through the libraries and clubs, that an obscure young Scotchman, a common soldier, an

apprentice to Manutius, had challenged the learning of the entire city to a trial of skill in any of ten languages, on any subject, whether social, religious, or political, to extend over nine days. Absurd! Preposterous! But the very audacity of the challenge won for him the interest and favor of the city at large; everyone crowded to view the novel contest. Nine days the beardless youth withstood the subtle attacks of the Venetian champions. With calm deliberation and quiet irony he answered every argument of the learned lawyers and men of science; one by one they retired discomfited, until the city acknowledged its defeat. But with true Italian impetuosity, all Venice, from serf to senator, far from feeling angered over the loss of such a battle-royal, raised Crichton in a day to an eminence in the world of letters which no one had ever attained before him; the greatest men of the time thought it no dishonor to do reverence at the shrine of such a prodigy.

Crichton had now reached the height of his ambition. His dream had been realized even more fully than he had dared hope for: Venice was at his feet; and feasted by the nobles, patronized by the clergy, the youth basked for a while, comfortably, in the light of popular approval; the time seemed long past, when, a ragged starveling soldier, he crept into the shop of the printer. It is a brilliant, striking picture; but shadows lurk here and there, a cloud is slowly obscuring the sun, the harbinger of the coming storm.

"The Admirable Crichton" left his world where he had played so triumphant a part, as suddenly as he entered it. A whim of fancy, some jealous pique perhaps, any one of the thousand vagaries to which his sensitive, highly-strung mind was ever prompting him, led him to desert his Venetian friends, even when his sway was most absolute, his honor the greatest. He went to Milan, then to Padua. Here he doubtless expected a triumph like the first: but his Latin epigrams were left unread; his feats of arms and accomplishments in music and poetry won him no applause, for the novelty had become dull; he

was no more the fashion, but he could not, perhaps would not, believe it. The world had cast him off; but with a pitiful disdain he defied it, and refused to give way before grim poverty, which began to press him close. His friends were gone, his purse hung empty by his side; but, with a pride which repelled any proffered assistance, Crichton went to meet his ruin, with jaunty plume and silken doublet, as gay as in the days of his Venetian conquests. One by one his staunchest friends fell away, hunger and want had fastened their grip on him. It is the last scene of all, and the darkest, which now begins.

One hardly knows whether to censure or to feel compassion for a bearing like Crichton's. He was vain, perhaps selfish; but there is much in the story of "The Admirable's" last helpless struggle against the world, which borders on the pitiful. We decry his stubborn pride and bitter, empty defiance of the inevitable; but at the same time we are compelled to admire the brilliant, fiery spirit which prompted it; and we feel nothing but pity for the man who found it so hard to die, so bitter to be conquered by a people whose petty ambitions and trivial accomplishments he had once derided.

It is Carnival in Padua. Throughout the gay city crowds of maskers are revelling in motley and domino; the gray houses reflect the lurid glare of a thousand torches; the fragrance of the flowers hangs heavily on the air. Everywhere is life, joyous life; and songs echo gaily in every street, save in this narrow court, where the dismal flame of a house lantern shines redly over four men fighting desperately—three against one. One of the three falls, then another, before the quick strokes of the single champion's blade; but his wrist wearies, he lowers his rapier for an instant, and falls with his opponent's bitter laugh ringing in his ears. From far away the noise of the Carnival procession came shrilly through the night; the dying man half smiled as he heard it; then, sighing wearily, he fell back. He had been forgotten.

Emerson G. Taylor.

FAME.

I read the tale of heroes brave,
 Princes and conquerors, whose name
 Even now defies oblivion's grave
 And said: What do I care for fame?

I saw an aged man, who bent
 With rapture o'er a poet's rhyme;
 Dark was his way, still on he went
 With hope, cheer'd by that thought divine.

A youth, whose life was stain'd with sin,
 Whose soul was darkness, chanc'd to see
 The same pure word, and then within
 Gleam'd hope of great things yet to be.

And to the wise, the foolish, gay
 Came the swift message, kind and true;
 Hearts seem'd to change beneath its sway
 And life to take a meaning new.

And when I saw how men grew brave
 And strong, when'er the lesson came,
 I thought of that great soul who gave
 The word, and said, I care for fame!

Burton J. Hendrick.

DANTE ROSSETTI.

ONE of the most noticeable things in the comparatively uneventful life of Dante Rossetti was a kind of monastic seclusion, an avoidance of all contact with the public. This tendency toward retirement has been seen in many poets, notably of late in Tennyson, but in Rossetti's case it proceeded from something more than the common hate of publicity. He seemed to live in a continuous imaginative ecstasy. The outer world became to him confounded with, and less real than, the world of his own imaginations, in which he mostly lived. His pictures and his poems alike are all visions, clearly and really seen, not only with the spiritual, but also with the physical eyes,

and represented with a power and distinctness born of this clear sight and of his characteristic, almost terrible intensity of feeling.

The reality of his visions may explain why he is sometimes in his poetry so curiously materialistic. In some of the most imaginative and spiritual of his poems he introduces material elements, concrete images and figures, as when in that poem, which seems rather an inspiration than a poem, "The Blessed Damozel," he says:

"The blessed damozel looked out
From the gold bar of heaven.

* * * * *

And still she bowed herself and stooped
Out of the circling charm,
Until her bosom must have made
The bar she leaned on warm."

This materialism is to be explained partly also by the fact that his highly pictorial genius, which so profoundly affected his poetical work, inclined to represent his thoughts in very tangible and visible form. The influence of his artistic powers and practice is constantly seen in his poetry. His qualities as a painter and a poet are much the same. His pictures are marked by impressive originality in composition, splendid coloring, rather defective, and a profusion of ornamental accessories, which does not, however, interfere with the faithful working out of the belief in the great importance of the subject above its treatment, which was so firmly held by all the Pre-Raphaelite brethren.

A prominent characteristic of Rossetti's poems is their striking, sometimes almost startling, originality in conception, and in their whole treatment and circumstance. Of such poems as "Rose Mary" and "Sister Helen" one involuntarily says that they are unlike anything else. There is no other poet whom Rossetti resembles at all closely. His work is always easily distinguished from others. His sense and mastery of color is frequently seen in his poems in the many touches of color scattered here and there, to enrich and brighten them, as in the picture of "The Card Dealer."

" Her fingers let them softly through
Smooth polished silent things ;
And each one as it falls reflects
In swift light-shadowings
Blood-red and purple, green and blue,
The great eyes of her rings."

But the analogue to his occasionally defective drawing is not so apparent. We should look for it in an inaccuracy in small details of construction, in diction, and in meter. But in the first two of these his sense of form was accurate. His diction in particular is worthy of notice for its extreme precision. It is further unmistakeably individual, unlike that of any other modern poet, resembling neither the conscientious art of Tennyson, nor the hard force of Browning. Just what expression will describe it is very difficult to find. There is often noticeable in his verse, however, a ruggedness and halting in meter, which may be taken as corresponding with his weakness of drawing.

Rossetti's delight in rich accessories is shown in his poetry in the number of subordinate ideas which are introduced to adorn and illustrate the principal thought, without, however, ever obscuring it. Thus in the description of the beryl stone in "Rose-Mary."

" With shuddering light 'twas stirred and strewn
Like the cloud-nest of the waning moon :
Freaked it was as the bubble's ball,
Rainbow-hued through a misty pall
Like the middle light of the waterfall."

As in his art, so in his poetry the doctrine of the supreme importance of the subject was constantly put into practice. He keeps the subject constantly in view, and follows it straight onward, without ever turning aside to auxiliary ideas so much as to draw attention from it. Though he is fond of ornament, he never uses it to excess. His poems are graceful, but it is the grace of a severity which counts matter first and form second.

But in another point, and one which more vitally concerns the substance of his works, Rossetti's painting and poetry are alike. This is his tendency to depict the supernatural and the wonderful. He felt with the other

Pre-Raphaelites that the time had come for man to look at nature face to face and not through her imitators, but he was continually drawn toward her mysterious, rather than her plain and revealed side. His pictures show a true sympathy with the romantic feeling for the wonderful, even in the treatment of classical subjects, where he combines with the classical severity and simplicity a haunting, inexpressible mystery which is highly romantic. In such poems of his as "Eden Bower," "Sister Helen," "Troy Town," the return of the wonderful as material for poetry, which began with the fall of the pseudo-classicism of the eighteenth century reaches its highest point. The element of wonder is particularly marked in the romantic ballads like those named, but it is contained in all his poems. In his one historical ballad, "The King's Tragedy," the most striking parts are those in which it is prominent. The belief in the power of the unseen and unknown world is more ever present with him than with any other poet of the century, even the writer of "The Ancient Mariner" and "Christabel," and the poet who goes further than he has in the treatment of such subjects must fall into the danger of passing into the vague and shadowy realm of mysticism.

Robert Hastings Nichols.

NOTABILIA.

MID-YEAR examinations have their evils and their advantages. In June their advantages appeal more to one than in January. Just at this time it would appear rather difficult to buckle down to examination work shortly after a Christmas vacation, the pleasures of which might acquire a tinge of uncertainty from the shadows of coming events. Also some of us might suggest that mid-year examinations, or the preparation for them would be likely to interfere with the Promenade—or, shall we say, the Promenade with them? But when the hot weather of June approaches, and we look back in considerable bitterness of spirit, to say the least, over the work of six months, during which period we earnestly wish that we had taken more copious notes and generally studied harder, we see the advantages in a rather rosy light, and we wonder that we did not see them before. Students of Social Science know that it is a mark of culture and civilization to be willing to undergo some present unpleasantness for the sake of future benefit.

* * *

It appears as if the various schools and city clubs should have a better excuse for existence than an annual dinner, where the invited guests are overpoweringly numerous and the club itself a small minority. There is no doubt at all as to what should be the object of these clubs. As the size of the university increases, the means of spending and sometimes of wasting money increase. A certain "metallic ring" is discernable in our various entertainments, and a belief that the success of an affair is always proportioned to the amount of money expended upon it. We are apt to forget that "good times" cannot be purchased. It would seem that the money expended by local clubs in giving dinners to their guests might be used to more advantage for the really beneficial purposes of such organizations.

* * *

It becomes necessary to mention once more a matter touched on when the present board of editors took control of this magazine—the carelessness of contributors in general, and of those in the Junior Class in particular, whose work is exceedingly poor. It is very aggravating indeed to find such a large majority of the pieces submitted irredeemably injured by faults so glaring that any care or any taste at all would have detected them—pieces too, of which often a great deal could be made. It is in the details that this carelessness does its greatest havoc. Men seem to forget the familiar axiom that the writing is valuable exactly according to the amount of work expended on it—that no good thing can be accomplished without work. As the time for the LIT. elections draws near, the importance of this matter increases. Chi Delta Theta has not the least intention of allowing the control of the LIT. to pass into hands that have proved or shall prove themselves unworthy of a charge that impresses itself more and more, as time goes on, upon those who share it now as a very important and valuable, and also a very pleasant responsibility.

PORTFOLIO.

A MEMORY.

In the old Bayonne cathedral swelled the Benediction song
"Salus, honor, virtus quoque" from the choir's surpliced throng.

The Saints in the tinted windows grew dim in the waning light,
And shadows stole from the columns to lengthen into night.

On the pavement's worn mosaic knelt a maiden, rapt into prayer,
With folded hands and upraised face low-crowned with golden hair.

And the evening sun in sinking, a tinge of splendor shed,
Casting a halo of glory over her fair young head.

And Bayonne's old cathedral grew fairer in my sight
For that picture framed in shadow, a Saint enshrined in light.

T. F. D., JR.

—In almost every old New England town one can find several genuine old houses, which stand out like grim and frightful reminders of a day that is past. With their unpainted clapboards, their monumental chimneys, their large hand-made shingles which have here and there rotted away, disclosing the huge timbers of the frame, these rather ghostly looking houses are hard to connect with the quaint painting of a delicate looking maiden that hangs upon the walls, or even remotely with the ancestors of our well-fed club friends of the neighboring city. What different men they must have been, and how glad we are that they are safely under an uncouth epitaph rather than hanging witches and building whipping posts. Hawthorne said that stone walls were the only ruins which the Puritans left, but this generation at least is fortunate enough to see the houses of their strong ancestors, and some wholesome thinking it ought to produce. This age is doubtless too weak, but certainly its willfulness takes a more pardonable form. We must not forget that the old house, surrounded by its apple orchard, south garden, well sweep, butternut tree, tansy, catnip and that peculiarly old-fashioned flower, bouncing betts, made up an independent world for the Puritan. He had his own preaching, his own opinions, he provided his own table, and when he builded a house, he made it large enough for his castle. The old New Englander too was a statesman to the heart. No town or church affairs went

on without his sanction, and so every house was a small executive mansion. But such times are gone, and soon headstones and stone fences, which do him much less justice, will be the only monuments to his memory. One sometimes wonders had his descendants continued to live in these broad roomy dwellings, if they would not have retained more of his sterling worth.

L. A. W.

—Notwithstanding the many articles, scientific and popular, written about our winter birds, there exists the most general ignorance on the subject. Most of us, to be sure, are familiar with crows and bluejays, and a favored few, with chickadees and snowbirds; but, for the greater part, we are not naturalists, and presumably fancy the dreary winter woods and fields quite desolate, and enlivened by neither chirp or trill. Let us but look, however, and we shall find the avifauna of our winter months quite as interesting as that of the more crowded spring and summer ones. The many troops of northern wanderers, linnets, white-throats and the like, that annually visit us in winter and the fall, are jolly companions of a frosty morning, associated, as they are, with snow-clad fields and creaking branches. And the hawks, too, are so much more numerous, or at any rate, conspicuous in winter. They seem to bring with them a smack of wilder nature, a hint of broad pine forests sunk in snow, and the lumberman's camp in the far north. Besides, a great many of our summer birds remain with us in diminished numbers throughout the winter. It is no unusual occurrence to see robins and song sparrows when the snow lies deep in the fence corners, and the north wind has come to stay. In fact, the lover of nature, although no ornithologist, will find it well worth his time to give a thought to our winter birds.

H. L. E.

—Nowadays we go to the theater in a carriage. A foot warmer is at our feet; a servant in livery opens the door and repeats our orders to the coachman. Arrived at the playhouse a blaze of electric light meets the eye. Artistic lithographed bills, pasted upon neat sign-boards, tell us what we are to witness, and at what hour the curtain is to rise. The auditorium is decorated with gilt chandeliers and handsome paintings by well known artists. Patent means of hearing and

ventilation are supplied to make us more comfortable. Exits are open to us on all sides. When the curtain rises the various stage settings attract our attention. If our play is of the species known as a "drawing-room comedy," the bric-a-brac, the upholstered furniture, and the walls hung with tapestry, lend a natural flavor to the scene. If we are witnessing one of Shakspeare's comedies, which no amount of modern airs and graces can render "out of date," our pleasure is enhanced by the delicate sunrise and sunset effects; the graceful coming of light and fading of the day, and a hundred other "effects" which electricity and the calcium can accomplish. "Tons of real water" can often be seen upon the stage, in plays manufactured expressly to show the histrionic ability of our leading pugilists.

How different is all this from Elia's "play" at Drury Lane? How different the blaze of light which was nightly supplied by the oil man? How different the scenery, the acting, the seats, the auditorium? Elia went to see and enjoy the play; the present generation goes to the theater to spend an evening pleasantly, to see a perfect *ensemble*, in which the play itself is hidden and forms but a small part. And now Elia would hardly recognize "Old Drury." They have painted the massive old portico white, and it is only in one of the side lanes that the bricks show their age. It still stands among the tangled streets and houses which lead to Covent Garden. From under its doorway you can still hear the cries of street merchants and the distant noisy rumble of the Strand. But inside they have changed everything. Inside are all the modern inventions we have described. "Old Drury" has gone and the new "Theater Royal Drury Lane," with its three feathers, stands in its place. Drury Lane has a history, but one can hardly realize that it is the history of the present building. It is the history of something that is past, something that is gone forever.

R. S. W.

—In this age of eager search for knowledge, there has grown up a class of men who seem to take a particular delight in directing their researches toward destroying, if possible, every tradition and belief that is dear to people of sentiment. Under the guise of earnest seekers after truth, they attack every such thing, subject it to a thorough and perfectly cold-blooded investigation, and gleefully announce, if they

can, that it is all a myth. Nothing is sacred to them. The longer a thing has been believed in, the greater pleasure they take in destroying it. What are they going to leave to us? We could endure to be deprived of such heroes of our childhood as William Tell, if they would not go on to take from us historical characters, to whom we have always looked up. But they triumphantly prove that such people never existed, or by putting the worst possible construction on every fact, show us that they were much smaller and much less worthy of admiration than we had thought them. Not long ago there was published a biography of that much-written of man, Columbus, which has been much praised and much blamed, but which is certainly written entirely from the destructive standpoint. The passion of such iconoclastic writers for disconnected facts, which they mistake for the whole of knowledge, causes them to look at all the details, at the risk of losing sight of the large outlines of men's characters. Columbus, for example, had to be sure, many faults, but he still remains an inspiring example of lofty perseverance actuated by an ideal belief. What is the use of magnifying all the small faults of a man so much that his noble traits are not seen? Is it a generous and healthy mind which is always thus trying to destroy other people's cherished and helpful beliefs?

To disabuse the world of a few good-natured and harmless mistakes is certainly a thankless, and as far as can be seen, a profitless task. It is surely of more account in the sum total of life that we should have some examples of the nobility and beauty of life to be believed in and to inspire us, even though our knowledge about them may not be perfectly exact, than that we should know everything about them, and thereby run into danger of having our belief in them exploded. There is not so much of goodness, of heroism, of devotion, of self-sacrifice, of all that makes life worth living in the world that we can afford to have it made any less. Washington Irving has some good words on this subject. "There is a certain meddlesome spirit, which under the garb of learned research, goes prying about the traces of history, casting down its monuments and marring and mutilating its fairest trophies. Care should be taken to vindicate great names from such pernicious erudition. It defeats one of the most salutary purposes of history, that of furnishing examples of what human genius and laudable enterprise may accomplish." R. H. N.

THE DRYAD.

Within this rugged oak I dwell
Which long has sheltered me,
I sit and sing some idle thing
Beneath the listening tree.
The evening breeze scarce stirs its leaves
The quiet twilight falls,
While undisturbed a far off bird
Within the forest calls.

I know the secrets of the wood
Where 'neath the summer moon,
The nymphs so fleet with tripping feet
Dance to the pipe's shrill tune.
I give no fear to timid deer,
For me the cool spring flows.
The shaded dell I know full well
Where the pale violet grows.

When Summer stars no longer shine
And Autumn's joys are past,
When North winds sweep through forest deep
With keen and bitter blast,
Then in the tree so peacefully
I dream, till soon I hear
The birds' glad voice, "Awake, rejoice,
Awake, for Spring is near."

E. B. R.

—What an honor it is to be allowed to enter within the sacred precincts of a country library! The rows of books, neatly covered with brown paper, the imposing notice on the back of each stating a severe penalty for keeping the volume over time, and the old lady, the librarian, who reminds one of the so-called Colonial Dames, looking over her spectacles, all combine to make us feel that we stand on hallowed ground. In answer to our question of how many books the library contains, we are told that there "some three thousand" and that as much as sixteen dollars had lately been paid for one volume. To express to her our astonishment at this fabulous sum, in reality our inability to comprehend how so many books could be crowded into so small a space, we attempt to sink gracefully into a chair. But disguise is impossible, and we soon feel a smile obtaining mastery over our mouth, while our bodily exhibitions of surprise are brought to a sudden termination by the straight Puritan back, which allows of no such liberties.

But however insignificant it may seem to us, the country library holds a most important position among the country people. The librarian is a veritable Madame de Stael of the village, and many are the discussions held in her back parlor as to the comparative worth of Dickens and the more modern novelists ; the former, it must be admitted, usually owing his victory to the better binding of the classic literature, the paper covers of to-day with their curled corners inspiring but little respect. There is a certain appearance about the place which can be called neither scholarly nor illiterate. Here are closely connected and so interwoven as to be hardly distinguishable a certain literary atmosphere, and the quiet and simplicity of the country. All the culture of the neighborhood has its center in the town library, and from here come those stories and fables which help the farmer while away the long winter nights. To him his weekly book means much. R. S. B.

MEMORABILIA YALENSIA.

Chamber Concert.

The second of the series was held in North Sheffield Hall on Wednesday, December 7. The following was the program :

1. Beethoven. Quartette op. 18, No. 2 in G major.
 - a. Allegro.
 - b. Adagio Cantabile.
 - c. Scherzo (Allegro),
 - d. Allegro molto quasi Presto.
2. Schubert. Theme and variations from D minor Quartette (op. posth.)
"Death and the Maiden."
3. Rauchenecker. Quartette in C minor.
 - a. Allegro impetuoso.
 - b. Andante moderato.
 - c. Allegro vivace.
 - d. Allegro con fuoco.

St. Paul's Club Banquet.

The seventh annual banquet was held at Heublein's, December 12. Following are the toasts :

- | | | | |
|---------------------------------|---|---|---------------------------|
| 1. Salve Mater Almior, | . | . | I. B. Laughlin, '93. |
| 2. Andover, | . | . | Thomas Cochran, Jr., '94. |
| 3. '96, | . | . | A. P. Stokes, Jr., '96. |
| 4. Our Social Leader, | . | . | A. L. Greer, '93. |
| 5. The Guild, | . | . | F. C. Perkins, '94. |
| 6. Groton, | . | . | S. B. Ives, '93. |
| 7. The College Man in Politics, | . | . | R. B. Wade, '93. |
| 8. Sermon, | . | . | Edward Boltwood, '92. |

Speakers for the Joint Debate.

The competitive debate resulted in the choice of Donnelly, '93, and Lamson, '93, who, with a member of the Kent Club yet to be chosen, will represent Yale at Cambridge, Jan. 18.

Christmas Trip of the Glee and Banjo Clubs.

Concerts were given in Harrisburg, Pittsburgh, Cincinnati, Indianapolis, Chicago, Cleveland, Buffalo, Rochester, Utica and Albany.

Intercollegiate Chess Tournament.

The tournament was won by Columbia, with Harvard second, Yale third and Princeton fourth.

BOOK NOTICES.

The love poetry of Robert Burns is written not with the analysis of a philosopher but with the passion of an ardent lover, who began early his lessons in love and found more than one fair object upon which to bestow his affections. Mary Campbell was certainly the most spiritual of Burns' many loves, and perhaps the most worthy of poetic honor. Undoubtedly her influence over the poet remained even after her early death, for he ends the last stanza of some verses addressed to "Highland Mary" with

"And mouldering now in silent death,
That heart that lo'ed me dearly!
But still within my bosom's core
Shall live my Highland Mary."

Burns was after all fortunate in his love affairs, notwithstanding their number.

The *Love Songs of Robert Burns** contains about eighty short poems selected by Sir George Douglas, and edited by him with notes and an introduction which gives a brief yet comprehensive account of Burns' many love affairs. "There exists no writer upon the details of whose life a more ruthless labor of research and criticism has been expended than upon Burns's," says Mr. Douglas. "And it is through the aspect in which the love episodes in his life have thus come to be presented that his reputation as a man has most suffered in men's eyes. On the other hand, assuredly no poet ever felt, or gave expression to, the charm of womanhood more powerfully than did the Ayrshire ploughman; whilst he, in all literature, is the acknowledged master, without a rival, of the love song."

No better edition of Burns' love poetry can be found than this little volume which forms one of the Cameo Series.

Mr. Brander Matthews is nothing if not American. His pen is not even dipped in British ink, and armed with that weapon which is mightier than the sword he is ready to stand in the breach and fight for the "literary independence" of the United States, which, we Americans are certainly willing to declare, is almost if not already won. Mr. Matthews in his little book of short essays† has proved himself well fitted to defend our Americanisms and compare them not unfavorably with the Briticisms of John Bull. The tendency of modern spelling, American spelling especially, is to drop out unnecessary letters—brevity is a recognized merit. If everybody had the same ear, phonetic spelling in its complete form would result, but unfortunately we hear, pronounce, and interpret differently from one another, that is, according to our individual propensities, and therefore we cannot trust to

* *Love Songs of Robert Burns*; selected by Sir George Douglas, Bart., with an introduction and notes. New York, Cassell Pub. Co.

† *Americanisms and Briticisms*, with other essays on other Isms, by Brander Matthews. New York, Harper and Bros. Price \$1.00.

sound alone as a perfect standard. The Americans—a certain class of them at least, including the western real estate boomer and the ward political stump speaker—would go further and for the purpose of gaining time write and even talk in short hand, could their fellows be educated accordingly. But the more easy going Englishman clings to the long hand. Mr. Matthews very clearly shows that English spelling is not infallible, that our own in fact is generally the more logical, and that the “so-called ‘American spelling’ helps along a good cause—and so, also, do the British assaults upon it,” the good cause being the feasibility of an improved orthography.

This little volume does not however deal wholly with Americanisms and Briticisms, it contains several short and interesting essays on the “Literary Independence of the United States,” “The Centenary of Fenimore Cooper,” “Ignorance and Insularity,” “The Whole Duty of Critics,” etc. It would be well for those officials who refused *Huckleberry Finn* admittance to the shelves of certain public libraries to read Mr. Matthews’ favorable criticism of Mark Twain’s story;—“that Mr. Clemens draws from life, and yet lifts his work from the domain of the photograph to the region of art, is evident to anyone who will give his writing the honest attention it deserves.”

The chief value of those “essaylets,” as the author terms them, is that they are suggestive—they make the reader think, and have therefore a more lasting influence than if they were simply interesting and nothing else. Mr. Matthews has moreover expressed himself with clearness and force, he has followed out his first two rules for Reviewers—“I. Form an honest opinion. II. Express it honestly.” *Americanisms and Briticisms* is dedicated to Professor Lounsbury of Yale.

The American Book Company—New York, Cincinnati, Chicago—has lately issued the following books under the English Classic Series for school use—Ivanhoe by Sir Walter Scott, price 50 cents: *The Sir Roger De Coverly Papers from the Spectator* by Addison, Steele & Budgell, price 20 cents: *The Tragedy of Julius Caesar* by Shakespeare, price 20 cents: and *Ten Selections from the Sketch Book of Washington Irving*, price 20 cents. The binding, paper, and type are excellent notwithstanding the cheapness of the price. These editions—each with introduction and notes—are particularly adapted for class-room work and hence suited in every respect for school use.

*The Old English Dramatists** is a very valuable addition to the excellent work in criticism by Mr. Lowell. There are few great critics of English literature in this country and so these lectures are a valuable and much needed addition also to American criticism. Of course this subject has had many great devotees, such as Lamb and Coleridge, but no subject could fail to gain from the hands of James Russell Lowell, for he possesses in addition to his great poetic spirit, the best qualification of a critic, and that is feeling for humanity. Lowell is genuine as well as artistic, and in his writings one feels as though he were seeking man in man, and a high type, with his wide-

* *The Old English Dramatists*, by James Russell Lowell. Boston and New York. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. The Riverside Press, Cambridge.

reaching sympathy and great purpose, and how surprised we are at the wealth of learning of the poet, every page, every paragraph is full of what is good from all literature and history—and yet does not crowd the genius of the writer. Lowell felt keenly that there was so little interest in literature and he says:—"I have observed, and am sorry to have observed, that English poetry, at least in its older examples, is less real now than when I was young. I do not believe this to be a healthy symptom, for poetry frequents and keeps habitable those upper chambers of the mind that open towards the sun's rising. It has seemed to me that life was running more and more into prose. I sometimes find myself thinking that if this hardening process should go much farther, it is before us and not behind, that we should look for the age of Flint." After reading such sentiments one is led again to regret that together with Tennyson, Cardinal Manning, Amelia B. Edwards and many other prominent writers the past year records the death of James Russell Lowell.

In 1850 Mr. Herbert Spencer, then almost unknown, wrote *Social Statics*, a book which was predestined to death in England and life in America. This work, basing the truth of its premises upon Ethics, sought to prove that whoever owned a piece of land did so unjustly; for one of his ancestors or somebody else's ancestors must in the first place have got it by cunning or violence. Briefly, *Social Statics* was written to prove that Private Property in Land is a denial of the principle that God bequeathed the earth to all mankind.

Years passed. The fame of Herbert Spencer spread everywhere. My Lord This and My Lady That feasted him, yachted him, and made him the lion-guest on all occasions. Then—if we believe Mr. George—the world grew rosy. If the philosopher was not elaborating his system of Transcendental Ethics he was spearing salmon, playing billiards,—and generally enjoying the hospitality of the descendants of the Robber barons. But, by one accident and another, people—especially the people whose society Mr. Spencer so cherished—began to get inklings that Mr. S. was a socialist, a word full of horror for Sir John and His Grace. Now—Mr. George thinks—Mr. Spencer should have avowed his tenets and, if necessary, retired to the philosophic attic. But no, Sir John and His Grace were too fine company to lose and Mr. Spencer, like St. Peter, denied his holding of any such mischievous notions and declared that long since he had prohibited the sale or translation of *Social Statics*. At the very moment of this utterance,—it seems—an American publisher was paying Mr. Spencer a handsome royalty on that very book. "This," says Mr. George, "was not even a manly falsehood."

Mr. George's book* contains the main arguments of *Social Statics*, comments upon them, and tells the story of Mr. Spencer's mental and moral revolution. Then there is a series of recriminations which are intensely interesting. Mr. George wrote this book and is therefore considerably to windward

* *A Perplexed Philosopher*. Being an examination of Mr. Herbert Spencer's various utterances on The Land Question, with some incidental references to his synthetic philosophy. By Henry George. New York: Charles L. Webster & Company, 1892. 12mo, cloth \$1.00; paper 50 cents.

of Mr. Spencer, yet, allowing this advantage to Mr. George, he seems to have decidedly the larger end of the horn. The title is anything but alluring and is not at all indicative of the spirit of the book which is certainly instructive and entertaining.

To anyone, who is interested in law, anarchy, political economy, Mr. George or Mr. Spencer, *A Perplexed Philosopher* can not fail to be profitable and agreeable reading. In ending his work, Mr. George, to illustrate the position of Mr. Spencer, tells a story—apparently quite original—which is not only delightful for its own sake but also leaves the adversary in a rather dilapidated condition.

R. T. H.

In "*A First Family of Tasajara*,"* Mr. Bret Harte has once more demonstrated that the field of which he writes is peculiarly his own. No one can tell us as he does of the Forty-Niners; and he has in his work followed the development of their country with what we feel must be a perfect appreciation of its changed and changing spirit. Oakhurst and Jack Hamlin have given place to gamblers of higher position and pretension; with Daniel Harcourt, the founder of Tasajara's First Family, cards are discarded for corner lots; in the newer California, land speculation has become the order of the day, and here is the ground work of the present story.

Mr. Harte's men are uniformly satisfactory character studies but he is less successful in portraying women; we can recall his excellent picture of the pioneer's wife, but in the present instance it is difficult, if not impossible, to form a clear idea of the woman of the new California as we find her in Tasajara. The story as a whole, however, is a pleasing addition to literature descriptive of life on the Pacific Coast.

In introducing his book *Under Summer Skies*,† Mr. Scollard thus dedicates it:

"To those who shed, in other days
Their sunlight on the alien ways.
* * * * *
In green remembrance would I bring
These records of my wanderings."

To one who needs but a word to bring to his mind the recollection of half forgotten scenes, these sketches of eastern lands must be doubly pleasing, for even to those of us who know them only at second or third hand through wearisome books of travel, they freshen and vivify in a wonderful degree our notions of strange places and people. Mr. Scollard sees not with the eye of a statistician or economist, but as a poet and artist combined. His *Summer Skies* are as blue as were ever seen in a water color, and as one reads on he feels as if he were visiting a well catalogued gallery of paintings, which of course is only less satisfactory than to be "personally conducted with the author around the sunny shores of the Mediterranean."

* *A First Family of Tasajara*. By Bret Harte. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Price \$1.25.

† *Under Summer Skies*. By Clinton Scollard. New York: Charles L. Webster & Co.

It is difficult to judge accurately of the merit of *Don Orsino*,* relative to the other books, *Saracinesca* and *Sant Ilario*, which form this most interesting series. As a whole, they are unquestionably Mr. Crawford's best works. None of the earlier ones are pretentious; in these three, and particularly in the last, the author seems to realize that the problem on which he bases his story is a great one; that no such treatment as sufficed for Mr. Isaacs or Doctor Claudius will here cover the ground. The past fifty years form a very wonderful and very absorbing period in Italian life, the coming of Garibaldi's red-shirted patriots stirred society to its depths; and the ancient family of the Saracinesca typical of the ultra-conservative Roman nobles naturally felt the effects very deeply. The fineness and strength of their character is more and more manifest as each new onset of the advancing storm threatens to overwhelm them; Orsino's father and grandfather seem always on the wrong side of the struggle, always opposed to progress of any kind, but the effect the movement has on them comes to light in the nature of the youngest of the line; and his efforts to fit his own problem to the exigencies of his situation, show that manliness and strength go far to overcome even the prejudice sprung from centuries of unbroken tradition.

That magnificent type, Giovanni, Prince of Sant Ilario, is in the last book a distinct disappointment, but serves to show that even a complex of the finest qualities may relapse and succumb to ancestral traditions—it was left for his son, Orsino, to break away. Mr. Crawford has at least done one great service: he has given us the picture of two well-nigh perfect women, the Duchess and Maria Consuelo; and though they never came into personal contact, their joint influence on the character of Orsino is a wonderful study.

About fifty years ago, in the preface to the first book of what we may call the light literature of travel, the author wrote: "From all sound learning and religious knowledge—from all historical and scientific illustrations—from all useful statistics—from all political disquisitions—and from all good moral reflections, the volume is thoroughly free." Mr. Kinglake has been followed by Rose Brown, Clement Warner, and "American Girls" without number. Their method of treating the incidents of travel in a jocose style has become popular. It is a method no doubt liable to degenerate into flippancy and silliness. But when the humor is real, it by no means detracts from whatever value the book may have as a tourist's true experience. The description of camels and camel riding in "Yasof," is said by oriental travelers to be worth more as a picture of facts than all scientific treatises extant; and the description in the "Innocents Abroad" of Lake Como and Lake Tahoe, has become a recognized guide book to both lakes.

Mr. Davis' little book is an admirable successor of the best humorous sketches of travel; entertaining, truthful and picturesque. The author, like

* *Don Orsino*. By F. Marion Crawford. New York: Macmillan & Co. Price \$1.00.

† *The West from a Car Window*. By Richard Harding Davis. New York: Harper & Bros.

Mr. Kinglake, waives aside all profound or philosophic or statistical treatment, and wishes to give only glimpses of western country and life as they are caught on a rapid tour. But it is the West as seen from the saddle, and military posts, and cable roads, rather than from a car window. In fact the "car" part of the trip seems to be his special aversion; the long railway rides through sage brush are the only joyless parts of his journey. Many of his sketches—the "opening day" at Oklahoma, for instance—are wonderfully dramatic, and indeed the whole story is told in a fascinating style. But it is the West as seen by a true New Yorker—a man of the pavement—who knows London and Paris far better than Chicago, and who enjoys the bronze Farragut in Madison Square more than Pike's Peak. Readers who have lived west of the Mississippi, may indulge perhaps in a pitying smile at the author's wonder at the common things of life to them; but the book was not written for them, but for those at the East, whose experience has been limited to cities, and to an older civilization. To all such the book offers much enjoyment and no little information.

Mr. Davis promises to visit the West again, and the story of his second journey will, no doubt, possess fresh, if different, charms. But he gives us fair notice that whenever the course of empire has permanently gone Westward, one individual will be found clinging to the Atlantic seaboard.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

The Campus in a winter vacation has a loneliness peculiar to itself. The dark statue of Professor Silliman stands coldly as the solemn spirit of the place; there are patches of snow on his cloak, and one upon his head, like a white powdered wig which the derisive wind has blown irreverently on one side. The editor's room is very quiet, while the imagination only is tempted to roam outside in a ghostly atmosphere filled with the spirits of misdirected genius and with printers' devils. In the midst of rolls of proof, holiday numbers, and advertising calendars, the editor is to be found absent-mindedly filling the waste-basket with rejected Christmas stories. At the moment a vision comes before him of a certain party in a warm and well lighted room, where candles are shedding a jolly yellow light from their silken shaded candlesticks; whose company he had left in exchange for these surroundings of ink and literary impedimenta. He fancies them pledging the New Year around the steaming punch-bowl, lit up by the rich yellow light, and the red and green of the holly. The contrast of circumstance is disheartening. "This is probably a foretaste of the life to come," he thinks, "ten hours a day and no vacation."

Even memory seemed to be in a vexatious mood; the talk of the evening had turned on vacation and its opposite, until it became a debate over the table on the vanities of collegians. I had moved away toward the fire when this personal stage was reached, with my back to the discussion. "A conceited, unpractical period; have passed through it myself. They fancy themselves too good for plain work and two weeks off," it was certainly the railroad man's voice, "Hear how absurdly anxious they are about success. What you will soon be anxious about is not success, but your bread and butter." This seemed to be thrust at me, so I merely replied that all that was popular but fallacious, and referred, with emphasis of personal recollection, to exam. week; but I had only started him off;—"Only admit the nonsense of it. All your talks about choosing professions and success, as if each individual were to be minister to St. James or the Chief Justice!" I hinted deprecatingly that I should be quite content with a plain judgeship; but even this did not appease him. "It may serve agreeably to kill time to discuss the matter, but to pretend that it's the great problem, and to work one's self up to a heated anxiety over it, is youthful and ridiculous." I had chosen the alternative of unprotesting silence and was not to be roused. "At your stage you are trying to take some road which will lead you most royally to success. Soon you'll take what you can get and be glad of it; and you will fall hard." This time his opposite neighbor came over toward the fire and, shaking his head, with a tinge of feeling in his voice: "I can tell you, the period of graduate depression is not pleasant." "That's just it," again the young railroad man's voice, "they think they have the princely right to start in, where their fathers ended, at the top." Here I turned around. "It is an undoubted fact that our graduates work tremendously. Why, they carry it so far now that they turn stokers and porters, and crowd out much worthier subjects whose shoulders are several inches broader." But he merely enveloped

me contemptuously in a cloud of smoke. "The root of the trouble is that you pitch the tone of your notions too high," he was twirling his slender glass with a superior air, "You have to acquire the idea of work in some way, hard work and no excuses, no gilded vision of ambition ahead. You rather dislike it now. But that is what you must have, and not culture or a comfortable situation." This from a youth basking in the golden sunshine of paternal influence! "It's all very well for you," I started crossly, but the clock had struck the limit of my vacation, and I could merely murmur as I closed the door, "Is Saul also among the Prophets?"

But there seemed to be no escape from the unpleasant subject of discussion. Even at the solitary Editor's Table it leaped up again. The humorous columns of the exchanges seemed unusually crowded with jokes about the young alumnus and the cold world, and the illustrated weeklies catered to the same low popular taste with large pictures of airy figures, in cap and gown, with clean new diplomas, and the conventional contrast of the same young men sweeping out small offices a month later. This was worse than the poor Christmas stories. "It is quite the way of the world," mused the editor, "to run on in this exaggerated manner about the lofty notions of college men. It may be peculiarly facetious to say they have no notion of practical work, in fact it seems to be very much the fashion at present. But I am convinced that they are willing to start where they can and are able to, and, on occasions, do work hard," and, for a practical and personal demonstration, he plunged into the piles of proof and the exchanges.

The *Harvard Monthly* opens with an article on "Yale." It is an impartial and well written attempt toward a definition of the "Yale Spirit," written with a peculiar appreciation of our good qualities and, incidentally, a very just estimate of some of those which are bad. A short description begins the article, after this a discussion of certain elements, such as unity of sentiment, which go to make up the Yale spirit. The last part is a development of the contrast between Yale and Harvard, starting with the vital points of difference that Yale has a religion, that its initial function is the training of character. The article is extremely interesting and unusually profound for a college magazine. The magazine ends with a statistical summary of the numerical growth of the university which, it would seem, might better have been relegated to the daily press or its own advertising department. It is lack of material, not space, which has compelled us to print only the following:

BEFORE THE BATTLE.

"To-night," they said,
 "When the day is dead,
 When we are slain, or the foe is fled;
 At set of sun,
 When all is done,
 When all is lost, or the fight is won,—
 Then we shall sleep
 In Death's dark keep,

Or drink red wine till the night is deep.

Ride! Ride!

With our wrath to guide,

Into the battle, sword by side!

"To-night," they laughed,

As they stooped and quaffed

The red fierce wine from the stirrup-cup,

"To-night when we come

The funeral drum

Shall throb, to startle their hearts that sup,

Or the flags shall stream

And the banners gleam,

And the trumpets blow triumph as we ride up!

Ride! Ride!

With our wrath to guide,

Into the battle, sword by side!

"Away, and away,

For the morn is grey,

And the sword-blades hunger and stir in the sheath,

And above the hills

The red sky fills

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With the dawning terror of blood beneath ;
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And the keen spears yearn
To harvest the red ripe field of Death.
Ride ! Ride !
With our wrath to guide,
Into the battle, sword by side !"

—*Harvard Monthly.*

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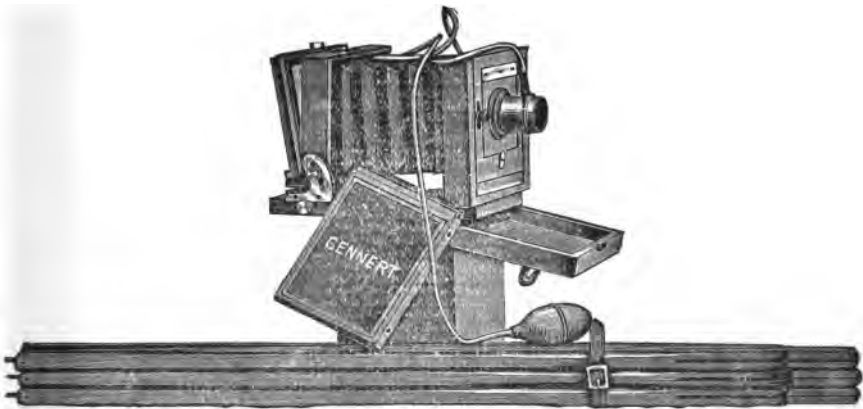
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